When Animals Faint.

The little gray dog tumbled headlong into the area, and the maid who happened to be standing there closed the gate. When the dog saw she was safe from her two legged pursuers she toppled over in a dead faint. At any rate, the maid insisted that she fainted. The boarders, who crowded out into the area to help bring the little animal to, derided the assertion, but the doctor that finally joined the group said there was nothing preposterous about it.

"Of course she fainted," he said. "Lots of animals faint. Cats and dogs and even more stolid animals keel over in moments of fear and exhaustion. In the case of horses the prostration is generally attributed to sunstroke, but quite often they are knocked out by a plain, everyday faint instead of atmospherical excesses. Fowls faint too, and the birds of the air. In fact, it is hard to find any living creature that doesn't topple over in crucial circumstances. If the lioness of the jungle were up on etiquette she would be just as much justified in carrying a camphor bottle as the finest lady in the land."—New York Press.

Faculty of Imitation in Animals.

Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face. When a cat has been taught to sit up for food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk pitcher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kitten soon learned the same trick. A lady tells of a rabbit that she keeps in a cage with a monkey and says that Bunnie has caught many of the monkey's ways. It is said that starving pigeons that have been brought up on grain will not eat peas to save their lives, but that if pea eating pigeons are put with them they follow their example and eat peas.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Washington Could Run.

"As to running," said Parson Weems in his book on George Washington, "the swift footed Achilles could scarcely have matched his speed. 'Egad, he ran wonderfully!' said my amiable and aged friend, John Fitzhugh, Esq., who knew him well. 'We had nobody hereabouts who could come near him. There was young Langhorn Dade of Westmoreland, a confounded, clean made, tight young fellow and a mighty swift runner, too; but, then, he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give up and would brag that sometimes he had brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken, for I have seen them run together many a time, and George always beat him easy enough.'"

He—Wonderful shot, that of Henry's! Why, he hit the bullseye nine times in succession yesterday! She—Yes, but just think of the sufferings of that poor bull! Men are such brutes!

Wisdom may be compared to water. As water leaves the heights and gathers in the depths, so is wisdom received from on high and preserved by a lowly soul.—Talmud.

The Girl at Devil's Tower

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

The first time that Campbell saw her she was standing in the doorway of the schoolhouse, ringing a huge, hollow sounding bell, while the children scurried in all directions like a flock of frightened sage hens.

Campbell pulled up Cyclone and watched. There had been no school at Devil's Tower for over a year. The last teacher had been a young fellow from Kansas City. The two Chibouque boys did him up one day when he called Louis "a half breed ignoramus." Louis said he wouldn't be called any name he didn't know the meaning of. The risk was too great. So he did up the teacher, and the key was turned in the schoolhouse door.

Campbell stared at the new schoolma'am admiringly. More than that, when her flock was safe inside he rode leisurely up to the open windows and stared in them—not rudely, but interestedly.

She looked absurdly young perched up behind the rough plank desk. She was fair. A bunch of purple wild flowers was fastened in her hair. Jules Chibouque fired a tattered hat at the row of nails back of the teacher. It fell short of the mark and struck the bunch of purple flowers. Campbell's leg was half out of the saddle when the girl called:

"Jules, you come here."

It was a good, commanding voice. Campbell waited. Jules stalked down to the desk and was ordered to crawl beneath it in disgrace. A knothole offered golden opportunities, and Jules' tongue wagged merrily through it at an appreciative audience.

The little schoolma'am bent forward and gave the offending member a royal slap with an oak ruler. Jules howled in pain, and Campbell rode on rejoicing. Devil's Tower was to know discipline at last.

He found out at the Arrow Head ranch that she was old Colby's niece,

HE SWUNG HIS LARIAT STRAIGHT AT THE PONY'S HEAD.

and was boarding there. Also that she was nineteen, from Chicago, and her name was Ethel Maude Colby. The Colby did not affect him, but all the way home from the ranch and during the week that followed the name of Ethel rang in his ears like a refrain of half forgotten music.

Every day Campbell rode up the river road and looked in the schoolhouse window just for a glimpse of the pretty blond head. One Saturday night he started wildly for the Arrow Head ranch, and all the way home Cyclone kept pace with the joyous whistling, for he had been introduced to her, and she had blushed, and all the world was full of promise.

After that night Cyclone was ridden at a breakneck speed every afternoon from Campbell's ranch down at Five Forks to the bend in the river road, there to wait patiently and peacefully until a certain figure in a trim gray skirt and white shirt waist rode down the path from the schoolhouse on a black pony and greeted him with sky eyed pleasure.

"Reckon Tom Campbell's shining up to ye, Ethel," old Colby said gravely when the wooing was well advanced.

The girl laughed and bent lower over her books at the kitchen table.

"It isn't anything, Uncle Ben."

The old ranchman glanced at her keenly through the rifts of smoke from his pipe.

"Ain't it? Tom seems to think it is. Got any objections to him?"

Edith laughed and shook her head.

"He's just a cowboy," she said, and looked up to find Tom Campbell's six foot two blocking the kitchen door. There was a look in his frank gray eyes she had never seen there, not of anger or defeat, but simply determination.

The following day, long after the last of the children had gone, the schoolma'am still sat at her desk. It had been raining all day—a wild autumn rain that came in fitful dashes against the window panes, with now and then the heavy crash of thunder. The door opened suddenly with a bang, and Campbell entered, dripping with rain and smiling.

"I was just passing by," he began, as if he had not raced his broncho for the last five miles. "It's a bad storm and getting worse."

"I must go, then." She rose hastily and reached for her hat on the row of nails back of the desk.

He came over and leaned on the desk.

"No, you mustn't. Wait till it lets up a bit." He lifted her pearl handled pen tenderly and curiously, as if it had been a stray feather dropped from an angel's wing. "That's a mighty pretty—thing, ain't it?" He met her eyes suddenly. "Say, I want to know if you meant what you said yonder, about my being a no account, rough and tumble cowboy?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you meant it." Her lashes drooped guiltily under his steady gaze. "I don't blame you. I know I'm different from your city breed, but love comes the same to a man whether he's a professor or a cowboy, you know. I'd make you mighty happy, Ethel, if you'd let me." His voice was low and tender. "Seems as if I don't want anything in life but you."

He bent nearer over the narrow, roughly painted desk, his eyes on a level with her own, but she looked away from him out of the little side window. It was splashed and blurred with rain, but she could see the faint outlines of the hills that lay like a barrier between the range country and the outer world. She had always hoped to go back some day, but the spell of the open and the glory of freedom stole over her with the low music of his voice. Somewhere in her heart she caught the echo to his own words and knew the power of their meaning.

"Seems as if I don't want anything in life but you."

A crash of thunder shook the little frame building, and she rose unsteadily.

"Will you please bring Gypsy from the shed for me," she said. "I must go before dark."

He hesitated.

"If you do, I shall go too. The dam up at Caribou run broke at 4 o'clock, and the river's racing like a mountain cascade."

It was nearly two miles to the old log bridge that spanned the river. Campbell did not try to talk. He took her silence and reserve as his answer, but his face looked almost stern in the shadow of his sombrero as he rode beside the black pony. As they neared the log bridge a vivid flash of lightning made both horses rear, and he caught Gypsy's bridle.

"We can't cross the river," he said. "You'll have to turn back."

"I can't," she answered over her shoulder, as the pony shook herself free. "The bridge is safe."

Before he could stop her she had ridden forward on to the frail logs, that shuddered and strained at the shock. There was a sudden rending, crushing sound, and the next instant the logs had parted and swept away on the foaming waters with Gypsy's terrified head and pawing hoofs showing between them.

One cry for help reached Campbell's ears, but that one changed all the world.

"Tom! Tom!" she called, and he headed Cyclone downstream in a race with the swollen, rushing river. As he came abreast of her he raised himself in his stirrups and swung his lariat straight for the pony's head. It fell and drew taut. Cyclone braced for the shock, as he had in many a roundup capture, and in a few seconds the black pony was stumbling up the bank, drenched and half strangled, but with her burden still safe in the saddle.

Campbell lifted the slim, fainting figure down and held her close in his arms, her white face on his shoulder. For one brief instant she seemed all his own, and he bent and kissed the pale, sweet lips that had so nearly drained the cup of death.

"Mine," he whispered beneath his breath. "Mine, just for now."

Her eyes opened, and she smiled up at him.

"For always, Tom," she said softly. "I'm glad you're a cowboy."

The Cheap Watch Habit.

"When cheap watches first came out," said a jeweler, "a man who carried one was as chary about showing it as he would be about exhibiting a white 'dickey' front to hide a flannel shirt. Now it's different. A man with a nickel watch will walk right up to a chronometer exhibited in a jeweler's window, pull out his timepiece and regulate it with as much pride and earnestness as though it was a Jurgensen. The fact that other men are looking over his shoulder regulating gold watches does not feaze him.

"A man came in here with a dollar watch to be repaired. 'It will cost you fifty cents,' I said.

"'Oh, go ahead,' he replied. 'I'll save fifty cents anyhow. I've got a gold one at my uncle's. Every little while I drop around to take a look at it and pay the interest. I suppose I'll take it out some day. Meanwhile, I've got mightily attached to this one.'"—New York Press.

Trout Poachers.

A favorite method of trout thieves is to take a sack or bag, weight it with stones and place it, mouth up stream, in the narrowest part of the brook. Then one of the rascals comes down stream, wading, poking under the banks with a stick and scaring the trout, who rush down stream into the sack. This sort of thing, varied now and then by exploding dynamite under the water and gathering the dead or stunned fish, which float, has cleaned out some of our public trout waters. In other words, these thieves have robbed the public and have sold the proceeds of the robbery for their own benefit. The game laws are not nearly stringent enough. Fines never deter such rascals from attempting to reimburse themselves. Imprisonment at hard labor is the only antidote.—Harper's Weekly.

London Built on Sponges.

One could surely find no worse ground to build upon than a bed of sponges such as we use for the bath. And yet London has for its subsoil only sponges, although we call them flints. Once they grew as sponges do now in salt water shallows, and they are found in layers petrified among the chalk of southern England. The Thames valley chalk has been melted like so much sugar and carried away with the running waters, but the flints have been left behind, and on these the whole city of London has found its excellent foundations.